Invocation

by

Whyte & McClure

text

music Ron Whyte Lee McClure

for

Nine Mixed Voices or more

- 2 Sopranos 2 Altos 2 Tenors 1 Baritone 2 Basses



the text

INVOCATION: PART I

by Ron Whyte

New York is a MAGIC CITY —
not FAKE MAGIC like movies or Opium,
but real magic,
like when you get hit by a bus
and instead of falling forward,
you fall backward,
and so it runs over your ankle instead of your head:
magic that, years later, still catches your lungs
squeezing stops you still, to think —
did it happen? was I the one? was I really there?

harangue each other in complaints and gags shaped from a language you can only place as FOREIGN:

and isn't this a SILENT movie, and where the fuck is Charlie Chaplin, dawdling amongst the fat mama-mia women and the moustachioed old men, and the naked little kids peeing in the gutter?

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Oh, yeah, New York is Magic City,
especially the Village, and the Lower East Side:
here, innocently turning a corner, you can —
like turning a page in a book called
THE BIG BOOK OF BIG SURPRISES —
turn that corner
and walk smack into Time Past —
pass from a crowded, shrieking, mini-skirted,
tourist-bloated thoroughfare,
practically a midway of hucksterdom,
reeking of the PRESENT —

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yeah, you just take a quick turn to the left, and you can stand stricken in a street narrow and spider-shadowed as an alley from 1910: it should be a piece of flickery old film you're looking at, something antique and quaint a narrow street with deep sunk gutters, where pushcart venders, in sloppy Mack Sennet clothes,

Other cities have their CHINA-towns, their Little ITALY's New York has a real PART of CHINA, where Chairman Mao is more in charge, spiritually, than the Man in Washington, and a real PART of ITALY, where, smelling the fresh fish stinking in the shadows, hearing life pursued in words as foreign and as old as faces, you stop and think: I am displaced: I have not had my passport stamped, and these people, in their funny old ghetto clothes look at me with hostile foreign eyes, accusing FOREIGNER at me, and so, quickly, you retreat back around the corner and seeing in the distance the Empire State or the thrust up flat face of the Seagram's building, and crowding you

and strolling hippies,
and ambling Matrons from Queens taking in the
Village,
you relax,
for you are home again.

gaily modern tourists

and prowling fags



New York is New

York

New York

īs









Zing = underlined consonant = get to and sing consonant immediately.











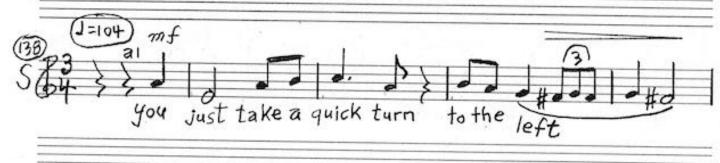






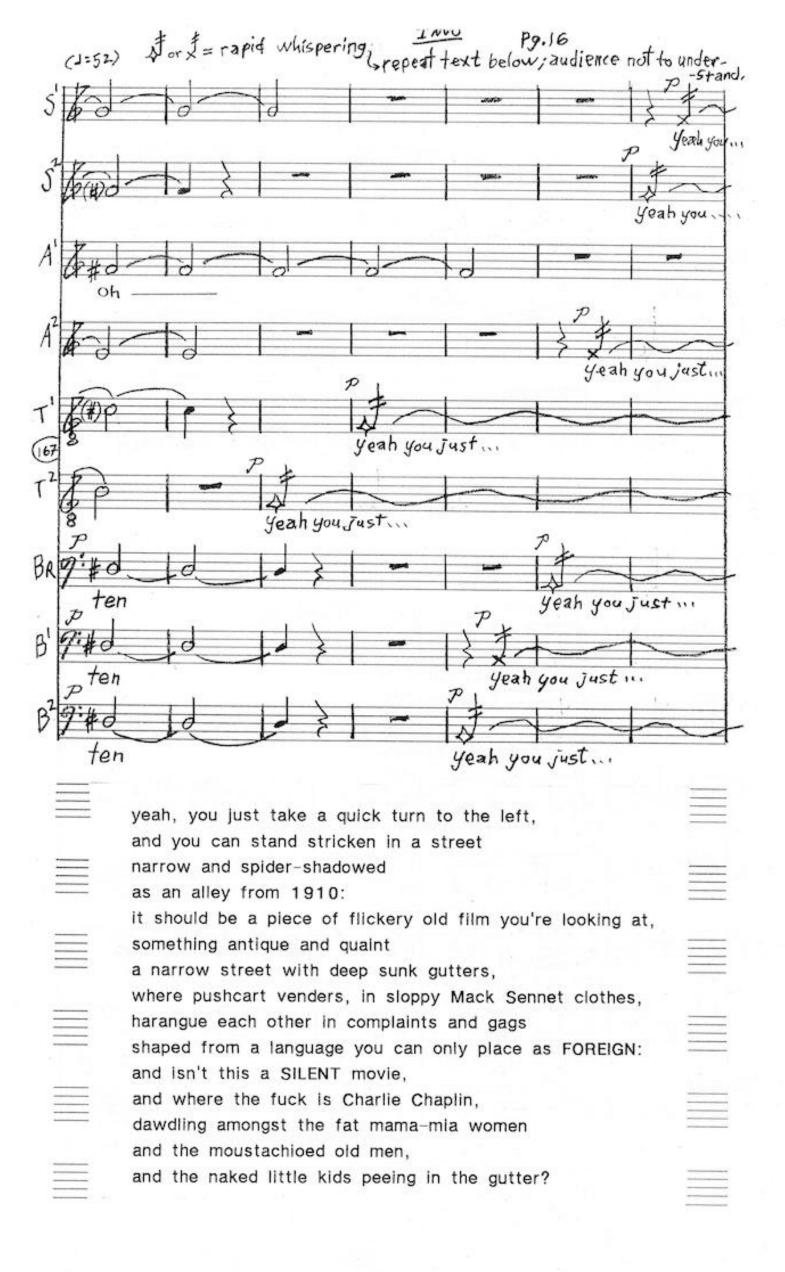


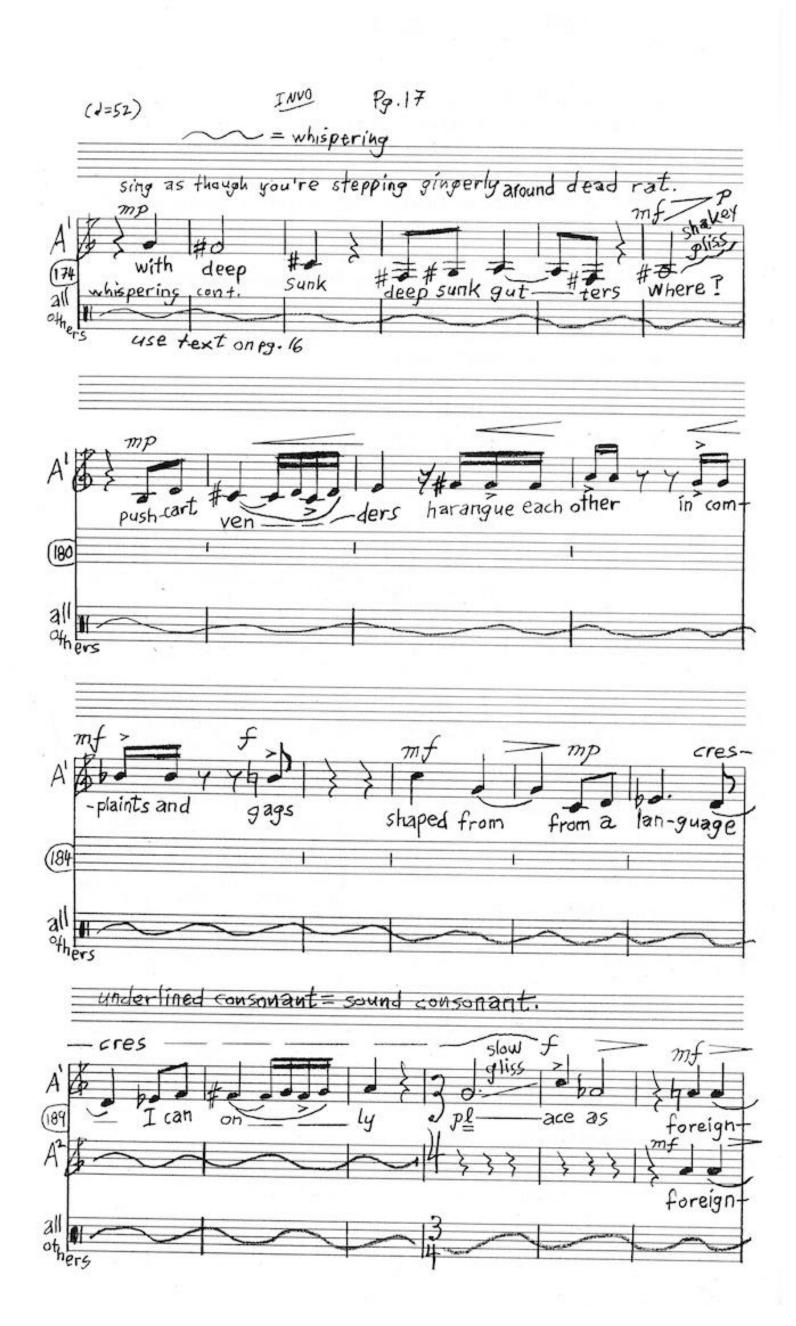




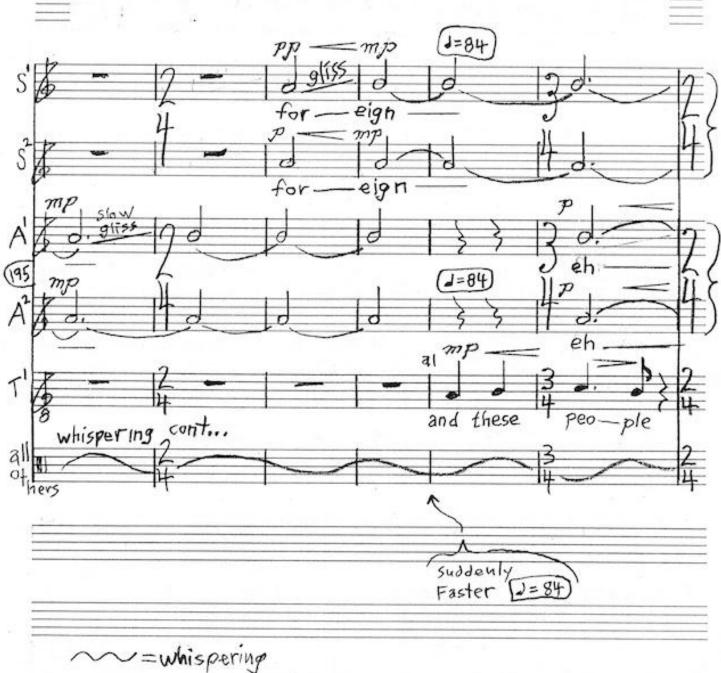




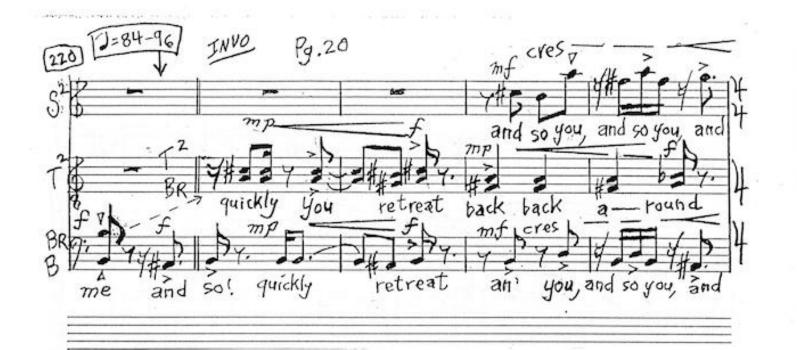




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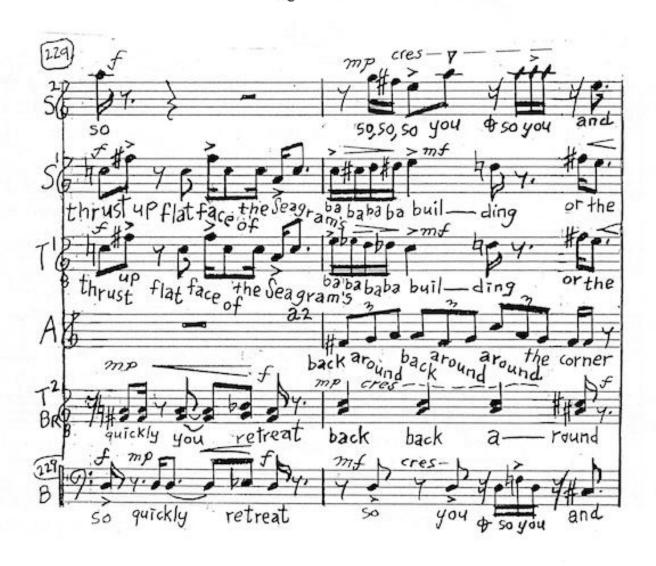














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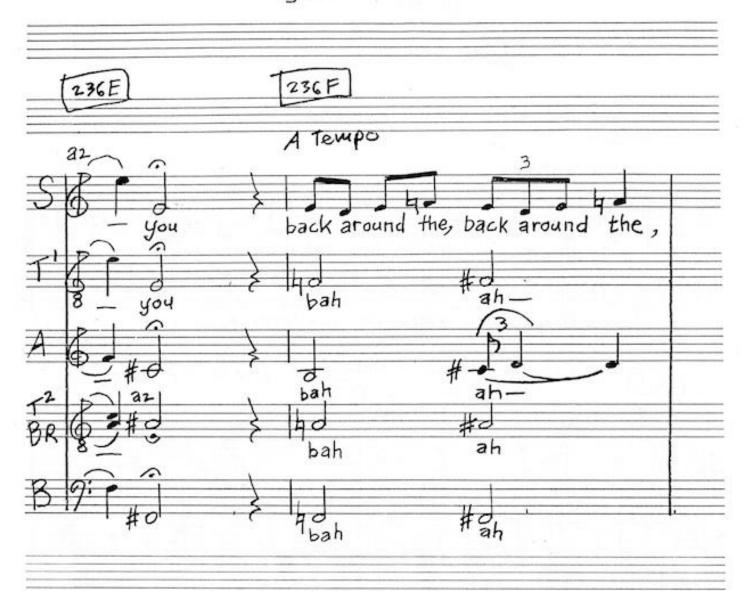


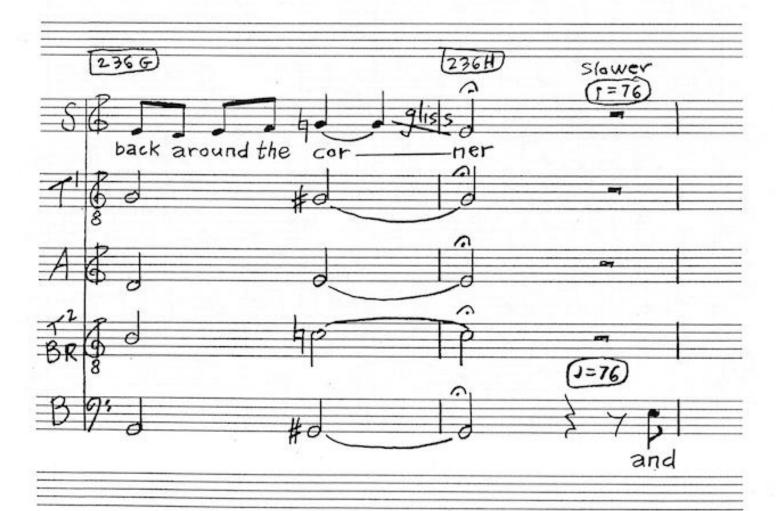


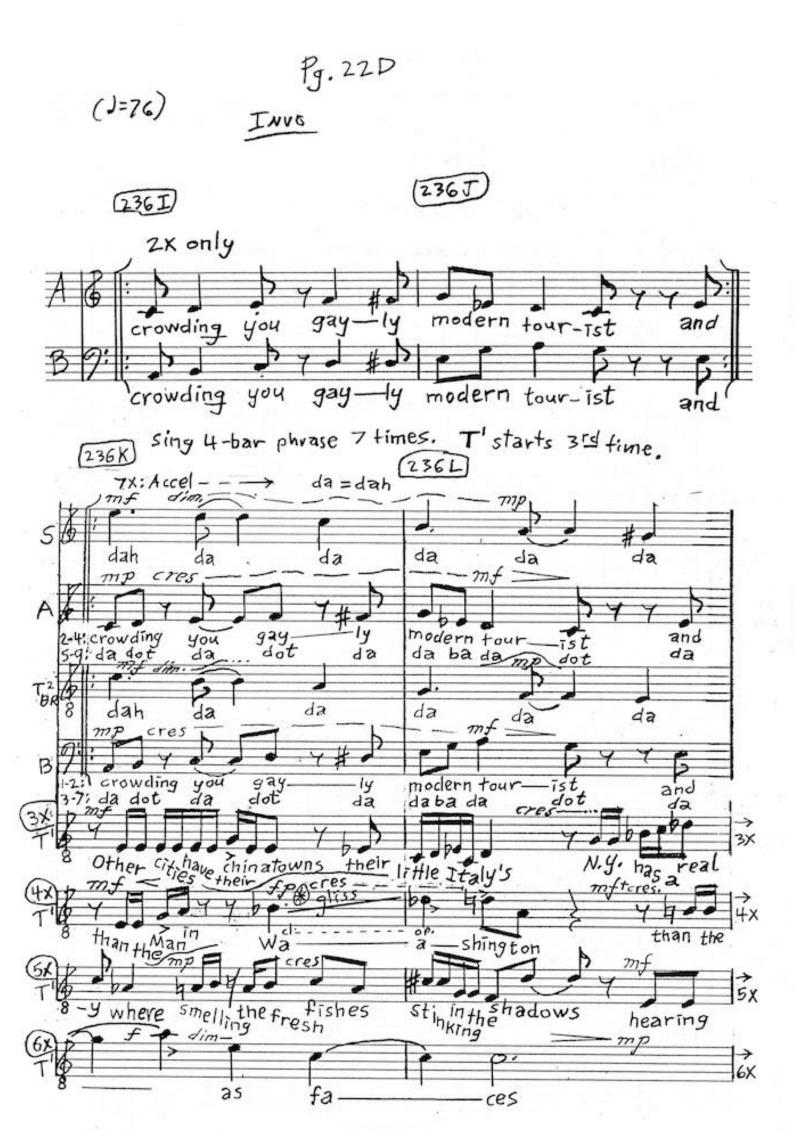
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daga doogadabah

dah

dooga dot

doogada bot'n da dooga dot

5x START

dah



















